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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

TO ME IT HAS ALWAYS APPEARED

TO ME IT HAS ALWAYS APPEARED a strange and grievous oversight in Mr. Carlyle to have omitted, in the book of Heroes, the Hero as Man of Fashion. If the Poet, the Soldier, the Prophet, the King, why not he, also whose sway, often as peremptory as theirs, rests on the far sadder basis of popular taste; hence arguing, in him who maintains it, capacities, if not superior to theirs, at all events heroic in their way? Small wonder, forsooth, that cold steel, muscled driven into the flesh, should impel howling humanity to own the soldier a hero; that the coward in us, quaking over visions of immortality, should grant to a Mohammed or a Jobu Knox a patent of heroism; that scalding words of Dante should light heroic fires in coldest breasts; but that a man, clothed with no visible majesty of mind, backed by no bayonets, pretending to no inspiration from above, should raise himself to be popular lawgiver, pronouncing finally on vital matters of feeding, dressing, conversing, bowing, dancing, singing, love-making, marrying, burying, behaving generally—that his decrees, without other ground or motive than his own private notion of the fitting, should yet be as peremptory as the ukase of the Czar, this appears a startling example of heroism, in the Carlyle sense of the word. Beyond all doubt, a real leader of fashion must be a great man. Not good, perhaps, oftenest radically bad; shamming, if not truly exhibiting, puerile weakness, mental obliquities; for the most part inordinately prone to love of self, and self alone; scornful of such qualities as men call great, noble, magnanimous; nevertheless abounding in some excellences as rare as they. A popular sovereign, essentially. Reigning by tenure of most delicate fibre; no guards, no castles, no spirit of conservatism, not even a ray of gratitude to rely on in the hour of insurrection; every thing, in short, against him—popular fickleness, ambitious rivalry, inevitable scandal, and, sooner or later, exhaustion of his own resources. Yet all the bowstrings and scimitars of Asia have not brought forth despot more confidently despotic than some men of fashion, the world has seen.

Such, in some sort, was George Brummell—snobbishly baptized Beau Brummell. The son of a secretary of Lord North, not unfairly suspected of picking and stealing, in those days of noble speculators; his mother the youngest child of a lottery-office keeper; heir to dirty sentiments on both sides. Your true hero dates from the cradle; strangles his nurse, refutes Locke on the Understanding, or draws problems in mud with finger stump. George is known to have cried because his juvenile stomach was not infinitely distensible, and a time came when he could swallow no more of Aunt Brown's damson tart. In a few years, cries again; no more for damson tart or finite stomach; but—read it well—over a letter from his father addressed curtly—"George," same post, bringing—one for his less disorderly brother beginning—"My dear William." Read it again and again; such tears of heartfulness are rare—in truth, this is the only evidence that Brummell ever had a heart. Wisely, most wisely does his honest biographer, Captain Jesse, dilate on each separate tear as it wells down his hero's cheek. The *fons lachrymarum* survived the flow. It is true, but this was the last time it was stirred by any cause but selfishness. From Eton to Oxford, where the hero develops, cuts old friends because they study at "vulgar colleges;" "acts," says his biographer, "on the plan of making intimacies with men of high birth and connections." Among other scamps, meets the Prince of Wales, fresh from lies to Parliament, insolence to his father, filth in his home; of course makes his conquest, whence in due course comes for young George Brummell, just turned of sixteen, and "the correctest man in Oxford in point of dress and manners," a cornetcy in the Tenth. That Brummell was deficient in physical courage, or, in planter Saxon, a coward, I make no question. Lavender and scented soap sometimes scrub the epidermis

of brave men, but not often. Brummell insulted, never fought. That he did not know the men he was set to command, is not true; he knew perfectly well a large blue-nosed trooper, in front or rear of whom Cornet Brummell's station was on review days; but take away the blue nose, with its carbuncles, and the men of the Tenth to him were total strangers. All which did not in any wise impair his efficiency as a British officer, as these latter days have abundantly proved. Unhappily for his military prospects, the Tenth were ordered by ruthless Horse Guards to Manchester—city of hobnobs and tape, broadcloth and printed cottons—where ladies go 'ome at night, and rich men build foine 'ouses. "I really," said Captain Brummell to the Prince, "could not go to Manchester." "Oh, by all means," was the answer, "do as you please, Brummell; do as you please." The hero did as he pleased, and doffed the epaulet.

Redevenu gros-Jean, plain Mr. Brummell, with thirty thousand pounds of his own—fruit of his father's pickings—took a small but recherche (Jesse is responsible for the epithet) establishment in Chesterfield Street, and resolved to live quietly. Quietly, did I say? Paradoxically, contemptibly. But one French cook; a single pair of bays; dinners rarely twice a week. For all this frugality, George Brummell now began to fulfill his Life-Mission, to be the leader of English fashion, the true Hero of the day. Not by any means a dandy. "A dandy," saith the scholiast on *Troufles drockh*, "is a clothes-wearing man—a man whose trade, office and existence consists in the wearing of clothes." None such was the ex-captain of the Tenth. Hessian and pantaloons, or top boots and buckskins, with a blue coat and light or buff colored waistcoat, the whole fitting to admiration, of a morning; of an evening, a blue coat and white waistcoat, black pantaloons, which buttoned to the ankle, striped silk stockings, an opera hat; nothing more, in short, than the ordinary costume of a London gentleman of the period: such was the attire of Brummell. He was not careless of dress; noticing every solecism in his friends, asking the Duke of Bedford, when awful solemnity—finger and thumb holding under the lapel of a much prized *chef d'œuvre*—"Bedford, do you call this thing a coat?" ever comparing the obsequious Jesse, in orthodox black coat and white waistcoat, to a magpie; and stooping curiously to speculate whether Lord Alvanley's leathers were boots or mere slippers. But his horror of eccentricity was heroic. It has even been doubted whether he can fairly be classed with those great men who carried reforms in tailoring, or compared with geniuses like Beau Nash. But on this point history is positive. Brummell was the Schwartz, the Watt, the Fulton of starch. Before him, the white neckcloth was worn without stiffening; hence, of course, yielding to every motion of the cervical and thoracic muscles, and invariably welding into the form of a rope before bedtime. Brummell came, and neckcloths were starched. Standing before his cheval glass, with shirt-collar erect—of prodigious height, a sort of breastwork hiding neck, face, and even forehead—the Brummell cravat was gently applied to the throat. At first it measured a foot in width. Soon, bending down with artistic hand the collar, chin too, began to descend with slow and regular pulsations; cravat to crease, firmly but gradually; till, at length, the twelve original inches compressed to less than four, the crisis of tying arrived. Napoleon was beaten at Waterloo, Shakespeare wrote more than one dull play, Homer was known to snore, and it did happen that Brummell failed in the tie. "These," said his valet, bearing from his boudoir a bundle of crumpled linen, "are our failures." Unlike Robert Bruce and other heroes, Brummell never made a second attempt to tie a neckcloth; if not unexceptionable at first, it was thrown aside to the laundress. But in his youth, and full vigor of his intellect, he generally succeeded at once—an achievement indisputably heroic.

It was on the strength of boot

toes that Beau Nash commenced the reputation which gained him a public funeral and a monument; neckcloths had much to do with Brummell's accession to the kingship of fashion; less, however, say his biographers, than good humor, correct taste, perfect breeding, and sarcastic wit. No question but a private gentleman, whose judgment on the Proper in the minutiae of dress, etiquette, and so forth, gave the law to Carlton House, must have been a Hero, with or without cravats; not so clear, however, that at first the favor of that unspeakably vile mortal, Prince George of Wales, was not the prime cause of his elevation. Whether or no he soon defied competition, out-princing the Prince. "The Prince," said the king of tailors to a customer, wears superfine, and Mr. Brummell the Bath coating; it is immaterial which you choose, Sir John; suppose we say that Bath coating—I think Mr Brummell has a little the preference."

He had, in fact, a trifle the preference over every one in London at that time. A duchess thought it necessary to warn her daughter to be careful of her behavior when "the celebrated Mr. Brummell" approached her. A lord considered himself well treated when Brummell gave him his arm from White's to Waiter's. A creditor was paid by a bow from the window of the Club-house, and a salute. "Ah! how do you do, Jemmy?" Not he the man to make little of the rank fortune had bestowed upon him. The story of Mrs. Johnson Thomson is hackneyed; perhaps less so that anecdote of his, a dinner given him "by a person of the name of R—." "He wished me to notice him," said Brummell, "but desired that I should make up the party myself; so I asked Alvanley, Mills, Pierre point, and a few others, and the affair turned out unique; there was every delicacy in or out of season; the celery was perfect, and not a wish remained ungratified; but, my dear fellow, conceive my astonishment when I tell you that Mr. R— had the assurance to sit down and dine with us!"

These were the days of his glory. He could go at night to the house of a great academician, knock till the neighborhood was awakened, and when his victim protruded his head, incased in woolen nightcap, from an upper window, gravely inquire: "Pray, Sir, is your name Snodgrass?"

"Yes, Sir," would the wearer of the nightcap reply, "my name is Snodgrass."

"You don't say so? Snodgrass! Snodgrass! A very odd name that, upon my soul. Good-night to you, Mr. Snodgrass."

He could ask a gentleman who offered him his carriage to go to a party: "But, my dear fellow, pray how are you to go? You would not like, perhaps, to get up behind? And yet it will hardly do for me to be seen in the same carriage with you."

The houses of the British nobility he could regard as inns: to be visited with valet and portmanteau, with or without invitation, and to be spoken of afterward as "good houses to spend one night in."

Impudence, doubtless, went for much in this despotism of his. They say that in Minnesota and parts of Iowa men object to being snubbed and slighted; but in haunts of civilization, the contrary, as every one knows, is the case, and polished humanity feels a sort of canine gratitude for wrongs of this nature. 'Twas long before "the Prince" rebelled against the Brummell yoke. The story of "George, ring the bell," has never been authenticated, and was always denied by Brummell; but of his slights to Mrs. Fitzherbert there is no question, nor of the free-and-easy way in which he lived with his patron. Contempt thus bred—as the copy-book warns youth must be the case—the rest was obvious. "I made him what he is, and I unmake him," was quite the remark that Brummell might have been expected to utter with regard to the future King. Just the sort of saying, too, to irritate a brainless Prince, who knew how much truth it contained, and had not forgotten the hours he had spent in Brummell's cabinet, studying the beau's

style of dress, and mode of using the resources of the toilet. Moore declares that George quarreled with his friend because the latter had

"Threatened last year in a superfine passion, To cut him, and bring the old King into fashion."

But he was, in the most brutal and rude way, by the First Gentleman of Europe. Soon afterward, George accepts an invitation to a ball given by Brummell and three friends. On parting this unspeakably mean creature observes to a companion: "Had Brummell taken the cut I gave him good-humoredly, I would have renewed my acquaintance with him." Of the two, the Man of Fashion is by far the most respectable in every way.

At first, he cared little about the cut. London—that is to say, fashionable London (Brummell begged a friend whom he met one day in the city never to whisper that he had seen him there)—was divided between the two; some standing firm to the Prince, others supporting the Hero in his disgrace. Then it was that great people who gave parties made up their minds before hand which they would invite—the Prince or Brummell; the shrewdest of the dowagers invariably alternating between the two; Wales on Tuesday, the leader of a ton on Thursday. Then it was, too, that Brummell retaliated on the mean spirited seion of the House of Guelf for a premeditated insult by the famous question: "Alvanley, who is your fat friend?"

George Guelf was undoubtedly corpulent: wore stays, it is said, and consumed acids to preserve his person from obesity, but without success. George Brummell, on the contrary, was perfect in point of figure and *lournure*. His face was not handsome, though intelligent; hair light brown, whiskers English; his hand beautiful; nose broken by a fall from his horse, whence, from *retrousee* or other plebeian mould, it became Roman; eyes full of fun and wit. With these advantages, for some time he kept the heir-apparent at bay, and continued to issue decrees on the fashions from Chesterfield Street. One great advantage over his rival was his insensibility to love affairs. Except in hot weather, Brummell never even flirted; and then, a letter of the *Voltaire* order satisfied his lodgings. Love on Bath post leaves the heart pretty free; whence, while George was adding folly to crime in obeying his passions, Brummell's head was unconquered by any turbulence of his. He had, as was ascertained afterward, a box full of locks of hair; bundles of letters; a few portraits; together with other mementoes commonly given by women who desire to give more substantial tokens of regard. But he was himself wonderfully phlegmatic on such points, and the ladies probably went to all the expense of the tender affair.

Worst for Brummell was inexorable want of money. Thirty thousand pounds are a large sum; but with care and exertion it can be spent. Brummell spent it. The Man of Fashion fulfilled his destiny by losing ten thousand—his last shilling—at Waiter's. "Would to God," said he, "some one would bind me never to play again!" Small use, when the ten thousand check had been signed, and the Jews and shaved paper were his only resource.

It is a nice question whether a heartless man can feel any honorable impulse; whether, all things equal, a seducer would object to forge a note? Weight of aristocratic authority is, of course, on the affirmative side of the house; but lordly honor is something so different from the article current in America—where, in the words of admirable Jesse, "refinement of manners and gentlemanly bearing can not be common to any very large proportion of the upper classes, and can not be expected"—that the general proposition can scarcely be resolved thereby. Refined, most gentlemanly Jesse doubts not but Brummell expects to win money enough at Brooke's to make good what he stole; it would have been shrewder to deny the theft. For if men about town had on tip-tongue the how and the where George Brummell got his friend to endorse a note, proceeds to be divided

equally between them, pocketed the whole, and lost it that night at play, the rest of mankind would have gone to their graves in ignorance of the peccadillo, had there been no Jesse to record it. His dupe storms; earns the cognomen of Dandy-killer by merciless persecution of poor George.

A drizzly day in May. Brummell sits contemplative in his room in Chapel Street, Park Lane. A gorgeous room that, glittering with exquisite Sevres china and ormolu; a few paintings, portraits of Lord North and George the Third; ditto books, De Giammont, Chesterfield, Heloise and Abelard, likewise a Shakspeare notable for its binding; snuff-boxes of fabulous cost in every corner. Valet enters with cold fowl and claret from Waiter's. "Sirrah, this note to Scrope Davies."

"MY DEAR SCROPE—Lend me two hundred pounds; the books are shut, and all my money is in the three per cents. It shall be repaid to-morrow morning." Yours, GEORGE BRUMMELL."

The answer brief, fit response to such request:

"MY DEAR GEORGE—'Tis very unfortunate, but all my money is in the three per cents." Yours, S. DAVIES."

At the Opera, as usual, that evening, nothing denoting the plot; but at nine the Man of Fashion, in the carriage of a "a noble lord," tears over the road to Dover, leaving the mail far behind. Next morning, at the classic hour for promenade, George Brummell, on the quay at Calais, thinks the chalk cliffs of Old England have been overpuffed by poets; and the Sheriff of Middlesex prepares levithan posters as follows:

"A Catalogue of a very choice and valuable assemblage of Specimens of the rare old Sevres Porcelain, etc., etc. Ten dozen of capital old Port, Sixteen dozen Beauvais, Burgundy, Claret, and Still Champagne; the whole having been nine years in the cellar of the Proprietor, etc., etc. The genuine Property of a Man of Fashion gone to the Continent."

The refugee from justice must live; as must dispense with beef, beer, and such luxuries; but can not do without ormolu, satin, and buhl. Five-and-twenty thousand francs spent in these necessities, and thus in course of time, by dint of severe begging, Brummell is himself again at Calais. Lord This and That, grateful no doubt for having been walked with or bowed to, write civil notes on gilt-edged paper, inclosing promises to pay on behalf of that meritorious institution the Bank of England. Brummell condescends to acknowledge the note, but does not refer to the inclosure till he asks for more. Lives quietly, so regularly that when the workmen see his flowing brocade dressing-gown and velvet beret cross the passage from his bedroom, they know it is twelve o'clock, and trudge off to dinner. Two hours for dressing; a couple more for reading—for which purpose the *Morning Chronicle* and *Reviews* suffice, with Leviaze's French Grammar, wherein, said the aforementioned Scrope Davies, he was stopped, like Bonaparte in Russia, by the elements. At five, he dressed for dinner at six. Not even for Lord Westmoreland, his creditor for frequent loans, would the Man of Fashion consent to "feed" at an earlier hour. Being a pauper, Dorchester ale, with a *petit verre*, and a bottle of the best claret were his usual beverage when alone; but he counted largely on invitations to dinner from passing Englishmen.

As he grew older, gluttony grew upon him; he had not the heart to refuse an invitation, no matter what the hour of "feeding."

Walking with Lord Sefton on the quay, a vulgar-looking Englishman bows to him. "Sefton," said the indignant Brummell, "what can that fellow mean by bowing to you?" "To me? he is bowing to you, for I know no one in Calais." At next turn they pass the Englishman again, who, this time, grasps the horrified Man of Fashion by the arm, and stutters: "Don't forget, Brum, don't forget, goose at four—goose at four." That day Brummell bought his goose dear enough.

Spite of ingratitude so monstrous as to be hardly credible, insolence likewise not by any possibility to be exaggerated, for fourteen years this hero lived on the fat of the land, in gross idleness, without a penny unbegged. Once in a while he was called to account. One

morning a gaunt *militaire*, whose nasal organ had been shot or lopped off on the field of Salamanca or Vittoria, called on Brummell, and without preface, addressed him as follows:

"Mr. Brummell, I have heard that you have been kind enough to spread a report about the town, affecting my position in society here, by stating I am not a retired officer, and never held a commission; in fact, that I am neither more nor less than a retired hatter."

The old soldier spoke truth. The Man of Fashion thought nothing of announcing that So-and-so, whom he disliked, had been a butler, So-and-so a snuff dealer, So-and-so a hatter. But, without changing a muscle, he lied thus:

"I am sorry, very sorry, that any one should have supposed that I could have been guilty of such a breach of good manners. I can assure you there is not a word of truth in the report."

And as the appeased son of Mars retreated to the door, he added:

"For, now I think of it, I never in my life dealt with a hatter without a nose."

He had a fat, wheezy terrier, named Vick, whom he is said to have loved. Taken ill, the hero called in two doctors to see the beast: they declared Vick must be bled. "Bled!" cried her owner; "I shall leave the room; inform me when the operation is over."

Bled or not, Vick died, and Brummell declared he had lost the only friend he had in the world. This from a man living in gorgeous luxury at the expense of his friends, is beyond question heroic.

Soon death began to narrow their circle. First died John Chamberlayne, who, from pure charity, had regularly made him an allowance, and whose executors were pestered out of their lives by letters from the Man of Fashion, praying a continuance of the gratuity; next, the Duchess of York, a lovely character, whose goodness to the wretched exile had never flagged, and for whom—give him the credit of every semblance of gratitude—he had spent much time in patching a screen. Others, living, tired of giving to one who knows so little of the art of receiving. The King himself passed through Calais and did not see Brummell. 'Tis said the Man of Fashion sent his Majesty some snuff and Maraschino, knowing his tastes; and the story went that George requited the civility by giving him a few pounds. But Monsieur Leleux, Brummell's landlord, was positive he had received no money from the King; for "when he had any he always paid some portion of his bills," and he did nothing of the kind at this time. Well might the honest *marchande de tabac* on the corner "wonder le roi George did not take better care of his friends."

Time went on, and the gorgeous furniture of Brummell's apartment began to fade. No money. No credit. No friends at Calais. Starvation clearly in prospect. Then began the Man of Fashion to wish to be a consul, to make out ship's papers, and deal in miniature diplomacy. The Duke of Wellington petitioned on the subject, applied to William the Fourth, and the pauper was accordingly gazetted as British Consul at Calais. This was in 1830, Brummell being at the time fifty-two years old.

Easier to appoint him consul than get him away from Calais, where he owed every one money, from his banker; after much financing and higgling, at least—his furniture, ormolu, buhl, and all, sold for the benefit of his creditors, and three hundred and twenty of the four hundred pounds salary allowed the Consul at Calais assigned to a trustee for their benefit—he threw himself into the diligence and slept all the way to Paris. There, a few days spent in old style enjoyments, dinner with Stuart de Rothsay, Talleyrand, suppers with Madame de Bagarthon, Montrond, etc., an order to Dabert for an enameled snuff-box, to cost twenty-five hundred francs, and, at last, postchaise and relays of fast horses at every stage from Paris to Caen. "Landlord, the best rooms, the best dinner, the best Lafitte!" So saying, the consul, with a fixed income of eighty pounds—two thousands francs—a

year, installed himself in the capital of Lower Normandy. There the former friend of the Prince of Wales was well received. There live a host of English at Caen—men of small incomes and large laziness, whom the cheap fare of that city suits admirably—these were rejoiced at the advent of so distinguished a countryman. Frenchman too, who had heard of him, were glad to learn from his own lips the secrets of his success as a Man of Fashion. Visitors poured in upon him, and his pristine fame seemed to dawn once more upon his path.

Heaven intended him to make enemies. One Jones gave a dinner to which he was not invited. "Sir," said Brummell to a friend who called on him, "I will go to the Jones's tonight."

He had a *pate, de foie gras*, the *chef d'œuvre* of the ablest of the dynasty of French cooks. He had brought it with him from Paris, and at each stage he had examined it with fatherly tenderness, lest the jolting should have injured it. It had stood for some days in his cupboard, being relished by anticipation. This *pate* Brummell dispatched to Jones with a civil note.

The answer was, of course, an invitation to dinner. At the canonical hour the guests sat down; soup, fish, *entrees*, was discussed, even *roti*; but to the horror of the consul, his *pate*, like Goldsmith's, was not to be seen.

In the passage, on his way home, Brummell took the servant aside, and inquired confidentially of the *pate*.

"Monsieur," said Isidore, "is keeping it for Master Henry's birthday."

"Go," cried Brummell, in a perspiration, "go back to the kitchen, and say that I particularly desire to see the *pate de foie gras*." It was brought. "Feeling," said the hero afterwards to a friend, "that it would have been a sin to leave it with such people, I ordered him to put it into the carriage, and followed it without delay. As I cut into it this morning I felt quite justified, for I never inserted my carving-knife into such another."

Installed in snug lodgings in the house of the cousin of an ex-Minister of Charles X., his credit slightly improved by the consular dignity, common sense and economy might have secured to Brummell a comfortable old age. But the Man of Fashion was not dead in him. Three shirts and three neckcloths a day, boots as brilliantly polished as mirrors, scales always blacked as well as upper leathers, valet, dinner parties, and so forth, to him were essentials of life. In six months he protests he is reduced to utter distress for want of a few miserable francs. Relieved, part by generous friends, part by sale of watch and plate, he struggles a little longer. Still the leader of fashion at Caen; parading the streets in blue coats with velvet collar, buff waistcoat, black trousers, and refulgent boots; brown silk umbrella always eased in tight fitting silk envelope; but jauntily founded on one side of his head, not to be removed even to a lady. A staunch conservative in politics. When Louis Philippe passes through Caen, and a dinner and ball are given in his honor, Brummell is asked if he had been to "the King's ball?"

"What King?" he inquires, vastly surprised.

"What King? The French King, Louis Philippe, to be sure."

"Oh! the Duke of Orleans, you mean; no, I did not go, but I sent my servant."

Doomed by this time, however, to graver concerns than jests. A prospect arising of a vacancy in the consulates of Havre and Leghorn, short sighted Brummell wrote to Lord Palmerston to say that the office of Consul at Caen was a sinecure, and might safely be abolished. Herein he was strictly correct. The story goes that the only occasion on which he had acted in a consular capacity was in marrying a couple. A few weeks afterward, while he was in the hands Isidore, his valet, and *en chemise*, his door was violently burst open, and the infuriate lady whom he had made a wife rushed in calling for protection against her "brute of a husband."

Concluded on Fourth Page.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 30, 1915.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes to publish; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man :
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

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OUR Philadelphia letter, as well as much other correspondence, is unavoidably crowded out, but will be printed next week.

From New York to the Golden Gate CHAPTER VI.

The Salt Lake City sightseers were all accounted for at midnight on Thursday, July 15th, being in one or another of the three side-tracked Pullmans to which they severally belonged. Most of them were in their berths sleeping off the weariness of an exciting and enjoyable afternoon and evening.

Some time during the wee, sma' hours of the morning our cars had been coupled onto a train, for when I awoke the sun was shining over the mountain peaks and we were at a standstill in the City of Ogden, Utah.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning of Friday, July 16th, when the train left Ogden, and soon we were flying across the Great Salt Lake, over the Lucin Cut-Off, which encompasses a distance of over one hundred miles on a perfectly straight and level track, so that you seem to skim along minus the customary jar and vibration. The road bed for nearly sixteen miles through water is a solid ridge of earth sixteen feet wide at the top and seventeen feet above the surface of the lake. Eleven or twelve miles of trestle complete the span over the water.

By ten o'clock the train was speeding over the Great American Desert, and until the Utah State line had been left far behind, and miles upon miles of Nevada territory had been negotiated, there was no relief from the broiling atmosphere and the arid wastes. We passed over the Humboldt Mountains near Elko, and later the Battle Mountain, then through the darkness crossed the Sierra Nevada, and at six o'clock in the morning alighted at Sacramento, Cal., where a program of sightseeing for a few hours had been arranged.

I would like to know the names of the Sacramento deaf who served on the local committee, so that I might publish them with my own and other people's thanks for the good time they gave us. I only know that Joe Gabrielli and B. G. Kingsley were prominent and active committee members.

The trolley ride unfolded to many of us our first clear comprehension of the beauties of California. The magnificent State Capitol is in the centre of most luxuriant and varied tree growths, with asphalt paths and the greenest of close-cropped grass. The walks are bordered with cone-shaped cypress, date palms and magnolia. It was at this beauty spot, standing on the steps of the palatial State House, that a representative of the Governor of California, in a fine-worded address, presented to the National Association of the Deaf, through its President, Jay C. Howard, the Keys of the City. President Howard rose to the occasion in his address of response. Miss Pearl Herdman, of St. Louis, interpreted. It might not be amiss to say here that Miss Herdman contributed very much to the interest, enjoyment and information of the deaf, by gratuitous and cheerful service as interpreter whenever occasion demanded. The trolley trip, which was free by the courtesy of the Sacramento Chamber of Commerce, was continued, and all were taken through streets shaded with date palms and orange trees heavy with ripe oranges, to Fort Sutter, and next to the Crocker Art Gallery. From thence two big sightseeing autos conveyed us to East Sacramento and back again to the Station of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

The city of Sacramento grew from the settlement founded by John A.

Sutter, over seventy years ago. The Sacramento Valley, which is to-day the scene of intensive farming, owes the rehabilitation of its wonderful fertility to irrigation by control of the flood waters of the Sacramento River, by means of great levees which prevent overflow, resulting in the reclamation of hundreds of thousands of acres in the delta region, and much more within a stone's throw of the State's Capitol.

The Shasta Limited was our train for the final run that was to end at the Oakland Ferry to San Francisco. I noted that it was drawn by an oil-burning locomotive. Probably that was the kind of locomotive that had pulled us across the desert and over the Sierra Nevada.

At Benicia, the entire train was taken upon the largest ferryboat in the world and carried over the Carquinez Strait to Porta Costa.

Days and hours no longer were used in the vocabulary of our itinerary. Time of travel had been reduced to minutes, a few of which were expended in passing Berkeley (where is located the California Institution), and the remaining fifteen in traversing the short distance left, until the last few sobs of the engine gave place to inert silence as the train halted right at the gates of Oakland Ferry.

The ferryboats that ply to and from San Francisco across the bay are very large. They are two-deckers, and have restaurants, news stands, and all kinds of conveniences for transportation of the people and their commercial needs. It takes less than twenty minutes to ferry across to the foot of Market Street, which is the Broadway of San Francisco and fairly hums with street traffic and the hustle and bustle of hurrying throngs of humanity.

By taxi, bus and street car, the delegates to the National Convention of the Deaf hurried to their hotels and stopping places. The majority went to Hotel Dale, on Turk Street, which was designated as Convention Headquarters, and all but two were accommodated, in neat, clean and airy rooms, and during the stay of ten days were treated with the most solicitous attention and liberal courtesy. The proprietor of Hotel Dale has the thanks of every one of the party who was a guest of his hotel on this occasion.

To give a full list of those who were with us on the train at the end of the trans-continental run is an impossibility. However, here is a partial list, with the cities and States from which they hail:—

Jay C. Howard, Duluth, Minn.
J. W. Howson, Berkeley, Cal.
Mr. and Mrs. Leo C. Williams, Piedmont, Cal.
W. H. Chambers, Knoxville, Tenn.
W. R. Albert, Dayton, O.
Gordon Midget, Knoxville, Tenn.
Rev. D. E. Moylan, Baltimore, Md.
Rev. J. W. Michaels, Ft. Smith, Ark.
John O'Rourke, Kittery, Maine.
George H. Faupel, Frederick, Md.
Fred Hart, Savannah, Ga.
Winfield Roller, Denver, Col.
Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Stover, Atlantic, Ia.
Herbert A. Lonsdale, Winnipeg, Can.
Ethel Eaton, Kansas City, Mo.
C. Pettypiece, Winnipeg, Can.
Jessie A. Beardsley, Madison, S. Dak.
Matt. McCook, Riceville, Ia.
Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mark, Ogden, Utah.
George Hobb, Dyersburg, Tenn.
Arthur L. Roberts, Olathe, Kan.
Walter Greene, Dyersburg, Tenn.
J. Fred Flynn, Bangor, Maine.
I. J. Wittwer, Council Bluffs, Ia.
James Yeaman, Winnipeg, Canada.
Lou H. Little, Larned, Kansas.
Rev. C. O. Dantzer, Philadelphia, Pa.
B. G. Kingsley, Woodland, Cal.
Mrs. M. J. Syle, Philadelphia, Pa.
G. J. Hinman, Sacramento, Cal.
A. H. McDonald, Regina, Can.
Albert S. Heyer, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Frisbee, West Medford, Mass.
Leora M. Hughes, Garfield, Wash.
Mattie E. McClain, St. Joseph, Ore.
Elizabeth Eggington, Ogden, Utah.
Pearl Herdman, St. Louis, Mo.
Joseph W. Atcheson, Pittsburg, Pa.
Agnes J. Cox, Fresno, Cal.
Lottie H. Wilson, Belleville, Ill.
Bertha Waschowsky, Des Moines, Ia.
Marjorie Williams, Piedmont, Cal.
Miss Minnie M. Price, Middlebury, Vt.
Mrs. Sabra Wilson, Arcade, N. Y.
Clayton L. McLoughlin, Rochester, N. Y.
Mr. and Mrs. Heyman, New York City.
Mrs. M. L. Haight, New York City.
Rev. John H. Keiser, New York City.
Mrs. Katie Russell, New York City.
Mrs. Pauline Weil, New York City.
Miss Alice E. Judge, New York City.
Miss I. T. Russell, New York City.
Edwin A. Hodgson, New York City.
Isaac Newton Soper, New York City.

EDWIN A. HODGSON.

Some Fan.

He never lifts his voice to shout
When his pals are come.
He never hollers : "Take him out!"
When he's in a dund.
—Geo. F. Phair, N. Y. American.

The Howard Party Return

Seeing no article of our trip over the Canadian Rockies, written by any member of Mr. Howard's party in the JOURNAL, I will try to describe the trip, which was the great feature beyond description.

On the beautiful morning of the 27th of July, being the day of departure for homeward bound to the East, and the culmination of the meeting of the National Association of the Deaf in the city of San Francisco, Cal., a large majority had previously left for Los Angeles and Yellowstone Park, while over eight hundred passengers were aboard the palatial steamship "Northern Pacific." Twenty-two were in Mr. Howard's party.

A large bunch of people were at the dock to see the boat sail away. Many of them were local "Nads," and as we were leaving all waving farewells, amid the shower of confetti of all colors. The boat was steaming along at a good clip for Portland, Oregon. The voyage was particularly interesting as we passed out of the bay past the exposition on the left and Mt. Tamalpais with her majestic crown on the right, through the Golden Gate and out into the vast Pacific. The trip consumed nearly thirty miles. The meals, served on the boat, were of exquisite style fit for a king.

Those in the party were: J. C. Howard, Duluth; Mr. and Mrs. Frisbee, Massachusetts; Mrs. Sabra Wilson, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Stover, Iowa; Miss Effie E. Laing and Miss Grace C. Albert, Ohio; Miss Lora Hughes, Washington; Miss Mattie McLain, Oregon; A. H. McDonald, James Yeaman and C. Pettypiece, Winnipeg, Canada; W. H. Chambers and Gordon Midget, Tennessee; A. W. Wright, Seattle, Wash.; J. W. Atcheson, Pittsburg, Pa.; O. B. Bloch, A. L. Bloch, William Remshardt and H. A. Stumpfe, St. Louis; A. S. Heyer, Vermont.

The boat finally berthed at Flavel, at the mouth of the Columbia River, in full view of the panorama of the beautiful scenery of its rich, green color, scented by breezes from the pine and fir of the forest primeval.

The passengers boarded the Portland express, which ran along the river for over one hundred miles and we watched the scenery scampering by. The city of Portland was reached at seven o'clock and the evening was passed pleasantly with a reception in the Chamber of Portland Press Club, and nearly 150 deaf people were present.

Mr. E. Swangren, chairman of the local reception committee, opened with an address of welcome, followed with a brief description of the accomplishments of the convention, by J. C. Howard, and Mrs. Meagher rendered Yankee Doodle in a sunny, winning way. The reception culminated with refreshments and each visitor received a beautiful rose.

The next morning the delegates were tendered a trolley ride, furnished by the Chamber of Commerce. We sighted the beauties of the city, aglow with bright roses grown on nearly every lawn, as we passed along. Then we realized why Portland is called the "City of Roses." The best part of the ride was that of climbing to "Council Crest," a point 1200 feet above the sea level of the city, which commands a magnificent bird's eye view of the larger part of the city, and the far end of the wonderful country could be seen distinctly.

The trip was hence made over the Columbia River to Vancouver, where we were entertained to a luncheon as guests of Superintendent Clarke, of the School for the Deaf. After visiting the school buildings the party boarded a train bound for Tacoma and Seattle.

At Portland, Mr. Howard met his sister, whom he had not seen for eighteen years, and they stopped off at Tacoma, the city being her home. Seattle was reached at midnight.

In the morning the party enjoyed an automobile ride of two and a half hours, through the courtesy of the Chamber of Commerce. The trip was made through numerous parks and many miles of scenic boulevard following the lakes, the Puget Sound practically encircling the city.

In the evening about seventy-five deaf residents turned out to meet the visitors at a reception held in the assembly of the Henry Building. J. C. Howard told in a brief description of the doings of the convention, and Mr. Frisbee also spoke briefly. The evening was passed in conversation, and a dance followed with refreshments.

Saturday morning at nine o'clock, the delegates boarded the S. S. "Princess Charlotte." Miss Annie Demick, of Vancouver, Wash., joined the party, her destination being Regina, Saskatchewan, on a visit to her relatives. The boat pulled out into Puget Sound and sailed in the wake of many miles of picturesque shore line, bordered with mountains and forest. At three o'clock she landed at Victoria, a quaint old English town. A stop-over of an hour was made in the capital city. J. H. McDonald and C. Pettypiece stopped in the city for a definite time, visiting their relatives. Now the boat sailed past charming scenery of San Juan Islands, through Georgia Straits to Vancouver, the beautiful Metropolis of British Columbia. What impress-

ed us in both cities, which are strictly English, is that the street traffic runs on the left hand side.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Whitehead and their little boy, the only deaf representative of the city, met the party at the dock, and we made our headquarters at the Castle Hotel. Mr. Whitehead, by his courtesy, showed some of the party around the city. He has, for eight years, served as a clerk in the post office. His wife was a Washingtonian.

Sunday morning the delegates found their special car awaiting them at the new Canadian Pacific station, and at eight o'clock the train started off Eastward, through six hundred miles of the Rockies. The run was made, for most of the day, along the great Fraser River and through Black Canyons. Scamious on the shores of Shuswap Lakes, bordered with towering mountains, was reached at ten o'clock, at night, and our sleeper sidetracked for the night. Early morning we resumed the journey in the heart of Selkirk. We just climbed and climbed through many tunnels, some of them served as a protection from an avalanche.

The higher we were, the better the range of vision beheld for miles and miles. The great Illecillewaet glacier, we passed, covers ten square miles. They were wonderful, their towering height and size, eclipsing anything that we had ever seen, or dreamed of.

Field was reached in the early afternoon for a short stop, so that all the passengers could take a look up at Mt. Stephen, over ten thousand feet. The impression imparted was spontaneous and majestic.

From there the trip was fascinating, as going through the Kicking Horse Falls and into two great spiral tunnels. After we reached the top of the pass, we looked down and could follow the glimmering threads of steel leading to the first spiral tunnel. Now the train was just descending the grade of the Eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains until Banff Springs was reached in almost daylight time at night. Our sleeper was again sidetracked for twenty-four hours. The next day some of us went on a sightseeing tour. Here we enjoyed a hot sulphur spring fahrenheit at eighty-nine degrees.

Gordon Midget, of a fine husky stature, got off in the early morning for an ascent of Cascade Mountain which rises to the height of nine thousand feet. After six hours of climbing the steep slope he found himself almost at an angle of nearly ninety degrees, unable to ascend two thousand feet more. He, however, enjoyed the experience of his exploit exceedingly.

Mr. E. W. Frisbee, who bears a distinct likeness to U. S. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, also ascended Sulphur Mountain, on top of which is a tiny observatory, but he nearly missed the train. We left Banff Springs at night, passing through the gap of the Eastern Rockies into the great fields of wheat.

Miss Annie Demick and James Yeaman got off at Moose Jaw, their destination being Regina and Winnipeg, respectively. We arrived at Minneapolis late in the afternoon, and were met by Mr. and Mrs. Schroeder, Miss Petra Fandrem and Mr. Spear. The evening was pleasantly passed with a reception, followed with luscious ice-cream and cake, by the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Schroeder in their new beautiful home. The next day, after the sightseeing trip of the twin cities, all of the party departed for their homes except Mr. and Mrs. Frisbee, J. W. Atcheson, A. S. Heyer and J. C. Howard took a side-trip to Duluth.

Mr. Howard entertained the party to a forty mile auto ride through the beautiful, thriving city. Miss Elizabeth Howard and Miss Eunice Post accompanied them. In the evening the visitors were invited to a luncheon at his fine residence in a suburb, the house facing the beautiful Lake Superior.

After three days of a pleasant time Atcheson and the writer left for Chicago, the former to the Smoky City and the latter to his home in the Green Mountain State. Mr. and Mrs. Frisbee stayed a day or two longer, their object being visits at Chicago and Niagara Falls before returning to the Hub City.

While en-route to Minneapolis Mr. Howard was presented with a sum of money as a token of the pleasure trip the party had thoroughly enjoyed.

It seems hard to decide what impressed one the most of their joyous jaunt to the other side of our country and back. The Canadian Rockies seemed to be the winner in the mention of the most impressive feature, though one of the tourists proclaimed his banner day to be that spent out in the Muir Woods, affording a chance to make a hike to Mt. Tamalpais and returned by rail on the crookest railroad in the world.

"The Mountains God's temples are,
Domed by the blue above;
Lighted by the sun and star:
And sanctified by love."

There is no doubt that every delegate had a delightful trip. The ten glorious days spent in San Francisco were the ten busiest days of their whole lives.

The exposition was vast beyond all imagination. The California

deaf people did more than their share to make it all pleasant for the visitors, their entertainments excelled all the N. A. D. had ever seen.

The visit to the Santa Clara Valley and the Leland Stanford University was fine. The most wonderful sight was the beautiful chapel. Every bit of decoration in the inside of that chapel is done in mosaic, the most remarkable part being a depiction of the "Sermon on the Mount." There were signs of earthquake that brought so much damage to San Francisco and nearby places, for at one time the chapel held statues of the twelve disciples, but are now empty as a result of the quake, and the mosaic border around the chapel was destroyed in places by the same force. Rev. Tracy, of New Orleans, had the honor of delivering a short sermon in clear, steady signs, in the chapel.

John O'Rourke and Fred Flynn, of Maine, came the longest distance of any delegate to San Francisco, their mileage being over 3000 miles.

H. C. White of the Free Lance fame was noticed conspicuously absent at the convention, his friends expressing their hope of seeing him at Old Hartford in 1917.

A. S. H.

OKLAHOMA.

Summer's last slow-burning ember
Bravely flares in bright September,
Making Autumn gay and gorgeous,
As she backs beneath the sun.
Just a hint across her shoulder
Of King's inter glowing border—
Falling leaves and frosty mornings
Hint that summer days are done.
—Hubert J. Dance.

Mrs. John T. Flood, Jr., came home two weeks ago from Glencoe, where she spent two months with her home folks, and had recuperated. Her friends were glad to see her so much improving.

Mrs. Robert W. Dixon and son, Noah, left Sunday, the 12th, for Andarko, to visit her brother and family, and placed Noah in their care and attend school.

Miss Lucille Stewart started for Sulphur, Okla., to attend School for the Deaf.

Mr. Alonzo James started last Monday, the 20th, for Two Buttes, Colorado, to spend several days with friends, and to look over the land that he expects to take a claim of 160 acres.

Misses Prudence Black and Ida Blatti have returned to Sulphur, to resume their duties at the Institution for the Deaf, where they have held their positions for the past several years.

Mr. James Cain, of Cordell, Okla., tarried in Wakita for a week on his way to Anthony, Kan. He was surprised to find many deaf-mutes residing in Wakita, and made many friends. He also likes this country, and would like to move his family here if he can get a good place to farm. He was the guest of the Hendricks, Stovers and Dixons, during his stay. He is a very pleasant man to associate with. He hails from Nebraska, and has lived in Oklahoma eighteen years.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dixon, and Mr. Clarence Furlow, were the Sunday guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Flood, Jr., in Sand Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Hendricks were the Sunday callers at W. E. Stover's home.

Messrs W. E. Stover, A. S. Hendricks and Robert Dixon, with their wives, and Messrs. C. Fallow, Gerald Brant and James Cain, witnessed the play "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in Wakita, last Wednesday night.

The Sewing Circle will meet with Mrs. W. E. Stover, at her home next Wednesday.

Miss Nellie Meusch is at home with her parents in Hobart, Okla.

Mr. W. E. Dooley, of Hobart, Okla., is a very busy man these days. He is a first class painter by trade. Mr. Watson D. Sheriff, of Guthrie, Okla., has joined and is a member of the National Association of the Deaf. Wonder if he is the only member from Oklahoma.

Mr. David Tipton, of Angora, is a good farmer, and is farming for his father.

Wake up! Frank Gordon, and write up the news for the JOURNAL. Have not seen any letters for weeks, and we certainly miss them.

Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf.

Religious services of the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf held every Friday evening, at 8:45 P.M., at the Temple Emanuel-El, 43d Street and Fifth Avenue. Doors open at 8 P.M.

Religious services of the Brooklyn Branch of the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf, held every Friday evening, at 8:15 P.M., at Temple Shari Zedels, on Putnam Avenue, between Reid and Stuyvesant Avenues, Brooklyn.

ALBERT J. AMATEAU,
Minister.

Lutheran Mission

St. Matthew's Lutheran Church for the Deaf. Services in the sign-language in the church, 426 Broome Street, every Sunday at 3 P.M.

ARTHUR BOLL, Pastor.

CHICAGO.

News items for this column should be sent to S. H. Howard, 1460 East 57th Street Chicago, Ill.

The startling news has just spread among the deaf that the Grace Episcopal Church, where the late Rev. Mann and Rev. Flick had conducted services for over ten years until 1913, was burned down at midnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen and their daughter, of Flint, Michigan, came to the residence of their relatives on Wednesday, and attended the wedding of Mr. Allen's niece at Grace Church, only a few hours before it was destroyed. Mr. Allen gave the bride away and his daughter acted as maid of honor.

All Angels' new church will be dedicated Saturday, at 3:30 P.M., October 2d.

Bishop Anderson will speak. Revs. Allabough, Whildin, Koehler, Cloud and others, may come if nothing happens to prevent them. Full particulars later.

On Saturday evening, September 18th, Rev. Flick gave a reception to the members of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf and others, about 135 in number. They all declared the church and Parish House to be very beautiful. One lady exclaimed, "It is so lovely." Mr. Kingon's son, who keeps a candy store, furnished the guests with delicious ice cream. The ladies brought sweet home-made cakes.

Rev. Flick had invited the members of the Pas-a-Pas Club to his first reception, on Saturday, September 11th, and suggested that they have Prof. Greener give a talk before a combined audience, in the lecture room, in the Parish House, so they would all enjoy the treat and get acquainted with the professor, but the club voted the cordial invitation down by a majority of 12 to 5.

Mr. Matt McCook and his wife, who have been in town for ten days, were present at the reception.

Charlie H. Boss took advantage of his vacation by flying to Flint, for a few days, to see an old chum of his, named Ralph Miller, and then to Detroit, to see his sister for the first time in forty years.

Mrs. Ella Zell has been a guest of Mrs. Ernest Craig for a while. She had been a teacher of the deaf at Columbus, Ohio, for over twenty-five years, and is the mother of Ethelburga, who is a teacher at the same place.

Miss Annabelle Kent, of Orange, N. J., stopped here a day recently with a party on their way to California. She very kindly presented a valuable rocking chair to All Angels' Mission, in memory of her late beloved mother.

There was a very lively social at the Pas-a-Pas Club room last night, under the auspices of the old Literary Circle, Mrs. Long presiding in the chair. After making a few pleasing remarks, she invited Mr. Brimble to say something, and he responded cordially by describing his trip to the famous "Starved Rock," and then related the wonderful history of it, which we all appreciated highly.

Mrs. Long then suggested that we should go in a party of 30 or 50 by an interurban trolley train to that place in October, and enjoy an outing and sightseeing. We are only thinking until it snows. We were treated to ice-cream and cookies as usual.

Mr. Herman Javetzky and family took a delightful trip to Joliet on Sunday, and were guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. Huff all day.

Geo. B. Stevenson, of Altoona, Pa., has had ten days sightseeing in Chicago, and surprised his old friend, Mr. Javetzky, by his presence. He is known as an expert machinist.

The Parish House has a Women's Guild, they meet at 11 A.M. every Wednesday, and serve supper to any one at ten, fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five cents per meal.

The members of All Angels' sat down around a hot stove in the sitting room, after to-day's services were over, and partook of light lunch for a small price. There was also a pleasant social last night.

Mrs. Wm. O'Neil and her daughter, of Delavan, Wis., are guests of Mrs. Brimble for two weeks. Both are the most intimate chums.

S. H. H.

Southern Diocese.

(Rev. O. J. WHILDIN, General Missionary.)
2018 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

PRINCIPAL MISSION STATIONS.

Baltimore—Grace Chapel, Park Ave. and Monument St. Services and Bible Class meetings every Sunday, 3:15 P.M.
Washington, D. C.—St. Barnabas Mission, Holy Trinity, 3d and C. Streets, N. W.
Rev. H. C. Merrill, Assistant. Services and Bible Class meetings every Sunday, 11 A.M.
Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Matthew's Church for the Deaf, Mr. J. C. Bremer, Lay-reader. Services every Sunday, 9 P.M.
Durham, N. C.—St. Philip's Church, Bible Class meetings, every Sunday, 9:30 A.M. Miss Robina Thillingshat, Parish Visitor. Services, every Sunday, 3 P.M. Mr. Roma Fortune, Lay-reader.
New Orleans, La.—St. Paul's Church, Camp and Gaine Streets, Rev. H. L. Tracy, Assistant. Services monthly.

The General Missionary visits the above and numerous other stations in the South upon special occasions and are appointed and locally made known. The Missionary will be glad to confer with any one desiring to assist in the work of the Mission.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday, 9 A.M. and 3 P.M. Holy Communion, October 3d, 3 P.M., October 17th, 9 A.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Every Sunday, 3 P.M. Holy Communion, October 24th.
Oct. 3d—Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P.M.

Oct. 10th—Gallaudet Home, 10:30, A.M. Holy Communion.
Oct. 10th—St. George's Church, Newburgh, 3:30 P.M.

Oct. 10th—St. Peter's Church, Port Chester, 11 A.M.
Oct. 17th—Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P.M. Holy Communion.

Oct. 24th—Gallaudet Home, 10:30 A.M.
Oct. 31st—St. John's Church, Stamford, Ct., 9:30 A.M. Holy Communion.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZER, Pastor, 8525 N. 19th St.

Holy Communion—First Sunday, 3:00 P.M., Third Sunday, 10:30 A.M.
Morning Prayer—First Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Evening Prayer—Every Sunday except the first, 3:00 P.M.
Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15 P.M.

Clere Literary Association—Every Thursday evening after 7:30 o'clock.

Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thursday afternoon.
Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each month, 8 P.M.

CATHOLIC CHURCH NOTICES.

St. Francis Xavier's, 30 West 16th Street.—Instruction and Services in the College Hall, at 3:30 P.M., on the first and third Sundays of the month.

St. Rose's, 165th Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue.—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

St. Vincent Ferrer's, Lexington Avenue and 66th Street.—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

BROOKLYN.—Knights of Columbus Hall, Hanson Place and South Portland Avenue.—Religious Instruction at 3:30 P.M., on the fourth Sunday of the month.

Under the direction of

REV. M. R. MCCARTHY, S.J.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf in the Southern States, Illinois and Indiana.

J. W. MICHAELS, MINISTER IN CHARGE.

Services for the Deaf of all Denominations. Will answer all calls. Address all mail to

Box 99, Fort Smith, Ark.

Diocese of Connecticut.

REV. G. H. HEFFLON, Minister.

AUTUMN, 1915.

Hartford—Christ Church, first and third Sundays of the month, at 8 P.M.
Waterbury—St. John's Church Parish House, third Sundays of the month, at 7 P.M.
New Haven—Trinity Parish House, Temple Street, second Sundays of the month, at 11 A.M.
Bridgeport—St. John's Church, Park Avenue, second Sundays, at 8 P.M.
Services in Pittsfield and Springfield, Mass. by appointment.
Address: Y. M. C. A., Hartford, Ct.

Rev. H. H. Allabough's Appointments.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The invited friends of Samuel Frankenheim gathered in a private dining room of the Hof Brau Haus, at 30th Street and Broadway, on the evening of Friday, September 24th, to help him celebrate, the anniversary of his birth.

It has been Mr. Frankenheim's custom, for several years past, to invite a certain number of his friends to dine with him on his natal day. The friends are the same each year, no new names being added, and for those who fail to respond for any reason—distance, death, or disaster—there is placed a vacant chair. One chair was vacant this year, as its prospective occupant, Mr. Joseph Sonneborn, is in Los Angeles, Cal.

Mr. Frankenheim sat at the head of the table, around which were seated: Messrs. Arthur C. Bachard, Felix A. Simonson, Marx Levy, Moritz Schoenfeld, Emil Basch, Harry C. Dickerson, James B. Gass, Emanuel Souweine, Henry C. Kohlman, Marcus L. Kenner, M. W. Loew, Albert V. Ballin, Edgar Bloom, Francis W. Nuboer, Adolph Peiffer, Charles C. McMann, Edwin A. Hodgson. All of them enjoyed the following excellently cooked and well served—

MENU.

Radishes	Mixed Pickles
Olives	Celery
Blue Point Oysters	
Consomme a la Reine	
Fillet of Sole a la Merguery	
Spaghetti a la Italiana	
Roast Spring Chicken	
Vegetable Macédoine	Apple Sauce
Salad in Season	
Neapolitan Ice Cream	
Cheese	
Coffee	
Apollinaris	
Sauces	
Veau a la Cordon	

With Mr. Nuboer in the role of toastmaster, speeches congratulatory to Mr. Frankenheim and dwelling upon his virtues of head and heart, were made in turn by everyone present. Mr. Ballin caused considerable merriment by imitating and exaggerating the prominent characteristics of each one of the guests as well as the host of the evening.

Mr. Frankenheim made a splendid speech of response, simple, touching, and full of thought.

The celebration concluded with a concerted rendition in signs of "Auld Lang Syne."

Brooklyn Division, No. 23, N. F. S. D., will hold its next monthly meeting on Saturday evening, October 9th, instead of on the 1st Saturday. Hereafter all meetings of the Division for the remainder of 1915, and also most of 1916, will be held on the 2d Saturday of the month. The change was necessary, owing to the management of Imperial Hall renting the 1st Saturday to some hearing lodge.

The annual picnic on August 28th was a record breaker, considering times and conditions under which it was held. Tickets taken at the door show close to 750 were in attendance. The JOURNAL's guess of 500 was somewhat low. It is only right that some of the out-of-town (in fact all names that were secured) should receive mention. Bro. McGrattan, of Cleveland Division, Bro. Haggerty, of Holyoke Division, Bro. Hagin and Paul Berg, of New Haven Division, Bro. Wolff, of St. Louis Division (who will in time transfer to No. 23), and Bro. Hopkins, of Portland, (Maine) Division.

At the meeting to be held next month exactly October 9th, Bro. Jacques Alexander, a rival for Bro. Pach's Photo honors, will level the camera on Brooklyn Division's members. It is hoped all that can will be present and so enable Bro. Alexander to take the full count. Chairman Constantin of the Ball Committee is already at work on his arrangements, and so far has made known his deputies as follows: Bro. Kieber, Bohlman, Frey, E. Berg, Hitchcock and Alexander. Of course, Imperial Hall will be the scene of the annual affair.

On the evening of her departure for Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., where she will pursue a course of study for a period embracing five years, Miss Sara Puslin was given an affectionate send-off by some twenty to twenty-five friends, who congregated at her home in the upper Bronx, on Friday, October 24th.

Being a product of the Lexington Avenue School, most of the guests who came to bid Sara *au revoir*, were her classmates and school friends.

The evening was pleasantly spent at social conversation with games to lighten the gathering. Refreshments were passed around, and it was about midnight before the gathering dispersed.

Those present besides members

of the immediate family and a few hearing were: Misses Haft, Cohen, Klein, Hamburger, Hornstein, Loebel, F. Schwartz, Schram, Mr. and Mrs. Rosenberg, and Messrs. Riley, a Freshman at Gallaudet, and his father, Isidore Lovitch, Jacob Lovitch, Ludwig Fischer and Harry J. Goldberg.

Miss Puslin was presented with a few mementos from the gathering, while the parents of Sara presented Mr. Riley with a handsome scarf pin.

Mr. Sylvester J. Fogarty, of Flushing, L. I., intended to accompany the party headed by Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson, which left the Grand Central Station on July 9th, at noon, but at the last moment had to give up the trip. But desiring to see his friends off, he brought along from his Locust Lawn Farm enough of roses and pinks to distribute among all who were going. He made a mistake in the time of the departure of the train. He thought that it was to leave at midnight. He arrived at the Grand Central Station laden with the flowers at ten o'clock P.M., and waited and waited, and as none of his deaf friends were in sight, he asked a despatcher at the station about the matter, and he was, of course, flabbergasted to learn that the train bearing the deaf party had left at 12.50 P.M. So he gave the flowers to Walter St. Clair, a former pupil of Fanwood, who like-wise had gone there to bid farewell to the departing delegation of this city. Hereafter Mr. Fogarty is going to be more careful about things, departure of trains in particular.

Mrs. Bertha McVea has arrived at her home at last, after a sojourn of three weeks at Pittsburgh. She was the guest of Miss Fanny B. Ailsen, whose sister and family were away and left their automobile at Fanny and Mrs. McVea's disposal, hence they autoed nearly all over Pittsburgh. Time would not allow Mrs. McVea to keep appointments with her other friends, who extended her invitations to their homes. Wherever she went, she was received royally, and poor Robert was in fear that the Pittsburghers would kidnap his wife, therefore he is overjoyed that she is back in New York again.

On her return home from sojourn in the far west for four months, Mrs. E. Souweine, of Grantwood, N. J., was greatly grieved to learn of the sudden passing away of her youngest brother, Cornelius Johnson Shute, of Richmond Hill, L. I., last June, one month after her departure to travel in California and other States. Her relatives and friends managed to keep her from learning of the sad tidings, so as not to spoil her pleasures on account of the great distance.

The Hebrew deaf of Brooklyn are kindly requested to take notice that the regular Friday evening services of their branch of the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf will be resumed this Friday, October 1st, at 8:30 P.M., at Putnam Avenue, between Reid and Stuyvesant Avenues. Layreader Lubin will be in charge of the services. A choir has been formed, under the leadership of Miss Lena Herschleifer, an honor graduate of Fanwood. All are welcome.

Just at the close of his summer tour on the Pacific Slope and the Yellowstone, Moses Heyman was taken sick, so that when he and Mrs. Heyman and her sister, and Mrs. Russell and daughter, reached New York, on September 11th, he had to be taken home in a carriage. Since that date he has been attended by two doctors, one a specialist, and at this writing is very much improved and will soon be himself again. His malady was pleurisy, with other complications.

Regular services of the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf will begin on Friday evening, October 1st, at the Temple Emanuel, 404 Third Street and Fifth Avenue. Doors open at 8 P.M. Services start at 8:45 P.M. sharp.

Services will also be resumed at Temple Shari Zedek, Putnam Avenue, between Reid and Stuyvesant Avenues, Brooklyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Elsworth were visited by the stork on Thursday, September 23d. The famous bird left behind a fine little boy. Mrs. Elsworth and the baby are doing excellently, and Edward is busy sending out announcements and receiving congratulations.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Robbins, of Philadelphia, a baby boy, on September 3d, at the home of its mother's parents in Brooklyn. Mrs. Robbins' maiden name was Goldie Rubin, a former pupil in the Fanwood School.

Mr. John F. O'Brien escorted Mrs. Farley and Miss Reardon, of Boston, through the halls of his *Alma Mater* (Fanwood) last Wednesday, winding up with a visit to the JOURNAL office.

Theo. S. Rose has returned to this city after eleven weeks pleasantly spent at Cedarhurst, L. I. During the summer he made many visits to Camp Clark, at Arverne.

Pittsfield, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell, of Schenectady, spent Labor Day with Mr. and Mrs. S. Small, in Dalton, and called on all of their friends who were glad to see them again.

Mrs. Hines, of Waterbury, Ct., was the guest of Sears family over Labor Day.

Chas. S. Risley recently went up on the mountain in Dalton, to pick blackberries, and as he had a large pailful, he set it down to pick a smaller pailful. A cow came along and saw the feast of big shining blackberries, so began to eat them up. Mr. Risley felt quite angry, but the cow made such funny eyes at him and wagged her tail, Mr. Risley had to laugh; and it is true the pasture belonged to the cow, and he was taking her rights. He saved two thirds of the blackberries.

J. Gero, of North Adams, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. Edward in Dalton, and expects to come down again soon.

Mrs. John Trainor and children were the guests of her brother and family in Long Island, last August, for a week.

James Trainor, of Lynn, visited his brother John recently, and he called on the Sears and Bedfords.

The much planned for party which was to take place at the Sears farm on Labor Day was abandoned, and the North Adams boys instead went to Schandaga Park, N. Y., to spend the day with the Miller family at their camp. Among those who went were: J. Gero, W. Atkinson, J. Belouin, Mr. Willett, Mr. Ercoline, and Robert and Harold Burdick. They all had a fine time.

The last time the Pittsfield news was written about the boys going, your correspondent forgot to mention the name of Robert Burdick, who was in the party last July.

Miss Jennie Hults, of Rome, was the guest of the Bedfords a week last July. All were glad to see her. Mrs. C. S. Risley had a visit from her brother, Joseph Loucks, in August. He sailed for Shanghai, China, August 10th, arriving safely on time, September 7th. Mrs. Risley has received two very nice letters from him mailed in Japan. He is representing the Standard Oil Company, of New York, in Shanghai, China. He expects to be absent three years.

Mrs. O. Rourke has returned from Lowell, where she had been working, and is now looking for work in this city. The shirt factory where she used to work does not exist any more.

Mr. Simon Small is having a new slate roof put on his house in Dalton. Mr. Kerins, of this city, has the contract.

Professor E. Edwards and family, of Newark, N. J., motored from Salisbury Center, N. Y., Mrs. Risley's old home, to visit her in this city. She was very glad to see them. Mrs. Edward and Mrs. Risley were born and brought up near-neighbors, and Mrs. Edwards was married a few days before Mrs. Risley, in 1891.

Miss Laura Eysman and her brother Clarence have been the guests of their aunt, Mrs. John Bedford, for some time.

Mr. C. T. Risley went with Robert Burdick up to Williamstown, Mass., to call on Mr. Morehouse. He was a pupil in 50th Street School in New York. He is eighty-two years old. He also called on the North Adams boys.

Mrs. Simon Small and Glen Edwards, of Dalton, went after red raspberries in a large lot surrounded by trees, about two miles from Dalton village. There were many signs up (No Trespassing) but they kept on picking berries. At last a large buck deer made its appearance and came up close to them. They were frightened so badly they could hardly move, until it disappeared suddenly. They went right home.

Mr. Rizzio, of Springfield, Mass., who has been working in Lee, Mass., on a concrete job, was at the church to attend Rev. Hefflon's service in August 3d.

Rev. G. H. Hout brought Prof. William H. Weeks, of Hartford, up to this city during the first week in August, and the venerable old gentleman of 86 years held a service for the deaf in St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, which was attended by twenty deaf mutes. After the service, the hearing ladies of the Parish served ice cream to those present.

Prof. Weeks was the guest of his old pupil, Simon B. Small, in Dalton, but he called on us all, and also went up to North Adams, and called on them. He intended to go to Williamstown, to see Mr. Morehouse, an old friend and classmate of his, but much to his regret it rained so much he was unable to make the trip.

Baptist Minister to the Deaf

Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio.

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Over half the newspapers published in the world are printed in the English language.

OHIO.

(News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 999 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.)

September 25, 1915.—Mr. and Mrs. M. Grimm, of Akron, Ohio, celebrated their twentieth wedding anniversary on the 19th inst., and were the recipients of a number of beautiful and useful China dishes from friends to mark the occasion. About forty-five deaf people were present to make merry the occasion and wish their hosts many more years of usefulness.

Mr. John Shield, of Canton, O., was the only person from the State to attend the first Annual reunion of the Western Pennsylvania School for the Deaf. He enjoyed the meeting very much, at which about two hundred members were present, and it was declared a success, at least socially.

There is quite a colony of deaf people employed in the Goodyear Rubber Works at Akron, and it is given out that a Silent football team will be organized among the twenty players enrolled, and the team go into practice soon to play with others.

There are about forty deaf people employed in the Rubber Works of Akron, and they have had steady work most of the year, thus being more fortunate to earn a living than others employed in different occupations.

Mr. Collins S. Sawhill preached to the Deaf, of Bellaire, Ohio, in Trinity Episcopal Church last Sunday as lay reader.

The Columbus Evening Dispatch of Thursday this week, in its "Observation Column," has this to say of a faithful employee, who by the way, is a graduate of the school here. During all the years he has been employed in the bindery he has been under eight or nine different State Superintendents. All the same, he has kept his place. His main work has been the trimming of books and pamphlets by machinery, and the number he has out during his time will go up in the millions if not billions. Other work he can do in the way of book making when work in the trimming department is slack, so what the Observer speaks of him is justly deserved.

Forty years is a long time to have one boss. John A. Lynn, of 37 South Fifth Street, can boast of such an unusual record. His boss is the State of Ohio, for which he has been working since June 25, 1875, a period, in fact, of a little more than two score years. Lynn is a employee of the State bindery and has worked there since he was a young man. He is a bookbinder. He is in the 60's now and his ambition is to round out a half century of employment at the bindery. "I do not think of the State of Ohio ever had a more faithful employee," said State Printer J. E. Gross, who has charge of the bindery. "He has a habit of reporting for duty a half an hour ahead of time. The fact that he has remained so long in the bindery's employ is evidence that he is a skilled workman."

We doubt if there is another school for the deaf that can show as fine a flock of chickens as one sees passing on the front lawn of the school when passing along Town Street. There are 250 of them, large, fat and plump. They are all of the Rhode Island Red variety. They do not seem to mind the pupils at all running about, in fact, appear to be owners of the yard. Superintendent Jones, who with the assistance of one of the pupils has devoted his time to their raising, feels a just pride in his feathery bipeds. The chickens are all of this year's hatch.

The Columbus Ladies' Aid Society began active business again Thursday evening, when their first meeting, since June, was held in the Library of the school. There was a good attendance. A report of the Neuner Picnic Committee was received and agreed to. The Visiting Committee to the Home reported a number of articles needed in the kitchen, and they were ordered purchased.

Mrs. Annie Stocker, who is confined in the County Tuberculosis Hospital, it was stated desired members to visit her. The members would willingly do so often, but the means of reaching the institution are very inconvenient, being situated two or more miles beyond the city boundary, and no street cars run out that way. She has been confined there for about a year and is reported to be in a weakened condition.

The Society decided to hold a fair October 23d, and arrangements for it are under way.

Miss Bernice Murphy, who for the past year has been employed in the officer's dining room, tendered her resignation, and on September 12th was married to Mr. August Faulhaber, of Cleveland, O., by Rev. B. R. Allabough. We extend our best wishes to them.

Superintendent Jones is experimenting in giving the pupils a lunch of the fruit kind at recess, 9:30 A.M. It is appreciated by the pupils, as there is a long wait between meals from 6 A.M. to 12:15 P.M., and is much telling on the younger children to go without food

for so long a stretch. Those who have the money, of course, were able to relieve the hunger, but not so with those who are penniless.

The annual meeting of the Board of Managers of the Ohio Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf, will be held on the evening of October 8th. Notice to that effect is being sent out to now resident Managers by the Secretary.

A. B. G.

NEWBURGH, N. Y.

Mrs. Frank Linderman recently gave a reception at her residence on Edward Street to her intimate friends, in honor of her husband's birthday, which fell on July 8th. She was ably assisted by her charming daughters, Katharine and Martha. A very pleasant time was spent by all. The menu was the best they ever ate. Those present were Miss Maud Grant, Miss Rose Robinson and Miss Agnes Russell, Miss May A. Riley, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Jondozkna and children, Charlie and Eleanor; Mr. John Quinlan, Mr. Louis Robinson and Mr. McClave, of Tarrytown, and Mrs. J. H. Dobbs, of New York, who spent the week end visiting her friends in dear, old, hilly Newburgh, as she always termed it.

Mrs. Florence Buckley and son William, of Brooklyn, went home Friday, September 10, after having spent four pleasant weeks, as the guests of Miss Agnes Russell. One day they motored to Middletown, N. Y., towed by Mr. John Quinlan, and spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mickle, and on their way home stopped at Goshen to call on a brother of Miss Agnes Russell, and thence home to Newburgh; just in time for their night guests.

Sunday, following Labor Day, Mr. Jack Buckley, the first time since he saw the light of the world, took a trip to Newburgh, on the Steamboat Benjamin Odell, and went up the incline, at Mt. Beacon, in company with his wife, son and Miss Agnes Russell; after coming up there they took the notion to walk up to the pinnacle, but half way up there they were exhausted, and gave up and turned back, and to their dismay found it so slippery and stumbling; they thought they were treading on pieces of bacon the next day. Mr. Buckley left for home, vowing he would not tread on Mt. Beacon soil again, or on Newburgh soil, it being too hilly for city swells. He claimed his hasty departure was due to pressing business, leaving his wife and son here to continue enjoying the country air a week longer, so they joined him Friday, the 10th of September, much to the regret of Miss Russell, and to those whom they made friends with.

Miss Mary A. Riley returned home from three weeks spent at Lake Huntington, and later took a trip to New York visiting relatives.

A mute man, who claimed Scranton, Pa., as his residence, made a nuisance of himself in Middletown; claimed he was robbed of his money while on a spree. Having lost his job as a carpenter, came to Newburgh to try his luck, but none came in his way, and after lingering here a few weeks, skipped out of town, jumping his bills at two boarding houses.

Mr. Chas. Blake and his daughter, Mollie, of Brooklyn, spent Sunday and Labor Day in Newburgh. They went sightseeing to Mt. Beacon and Orange Lake, in company with Mr. John Quinlan and his nephew. Mr. Blake, in his younger days, took frequent trips to Newburgh to see his chums, Messrs. William, Robert and James Ogle, Mr. Chas. Edmonston and Mr. Chas. Keiserwetter. This time they were not here to greet him. The Ogles have some years ago purchased a farm, seven miles from Newburgh, in Fostertown, and moved there. Mr. Chas. Edmonston and his sister, Sarah, live with their brother, who is the Superintendent of the City and Town Home in Kingston. It is about five years since they shook the sod of Newburgh off their feet. As for Mr. Chas. Keiserwetter, he is somewhere in this world, on the road to fame as a house painter.

The following deaf-mutes that were seen in Newburgh on Labor Day were: Mr. and Mrs. James Malone, of Brooklyn, and little daughter, Mary, and Mr. McClave, of Tarrytown.

Miss Katie Solomon, in a letter to Mrs. C. C. Chamberlain, states that she is in company with Miss Nettie Miller, spent her vacation in the Catskill Mountains, and had the time of their lives.

Mrs. Chas. Jondozkna and children returned home, after they spent a few days with Mrs. J. H. Dobbs. They took in Brighton Beach.

On Labor Day Miss Maud Grant was missed by her mute friends. She went on a sail to Kingston Point with her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Macheleton.

Mr. Eugene Liebe was in town looking for a job. He hails from Scranton, Pa.

While at Cohegton station awaiting for a conveyance to Lake Huntington, the writer came across Miss Amanda Hinz, who was on her way home to New York after having sojourned at Lake Huntington for a week; and later came across Mr. and Mrs. Camerick and

children of Brooklyn, cousins of Mr. Emanuel Souweine by marriage. They were staying at Laurel Cottage, owned and run by Mr. George Henry and sisters.

Last May Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Chamberlain took a cottage on the shore of Lake Huntington and took in roomers. Many from Brooklyn and New York flocked to the lake to escape the heat of the city. Mr. Chamberlain owns a few dozen rowboats, so let and rented them out to those who are fond of the water. After Labor Day they gave up the cottage and have been put in charge of the Knollwood house, owned by Mr. Peck, of New York, who makes his home with his family in New York in the winter till Spring. Some time this Fall a house will be built for Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain on the estate Mrs. Chamberlain's parents left her. All will be ready by Spring to take in roomers. May prosperity follow them.

Mr. and Mrs. Reymann, of White Lake, were rejoicing over the birth of another son, but it died a few minutes after its birth.

Miss Peters, of Brooklyn, has been spending the summer with them.

Albert McKay left for school at Fanwood the 15th inst., and others for Lexington Ave. School at 67th St. Their names the writer cannot recollect.

Will Miss Rachel Gantz kindly send her address to Mrs. E. C. Chamberlain, at Lake Huntington.

OLD TIMER

Wedding Bells.

CHINERY-KLOPFER

The following is from the South Norwalk, Ct., Sentinel of September 20th, 1915:—

Miss Jennie M. Chinery, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Chinery, of 19 Union Street, downtown, Saturday evening at 7:30 o'clock, became the bride of Arno Klopfer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Klopfer, of Holyoke, Mass. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride, and the officiating clergyman was Rev. John Chamberlain, of St. Ann's Church, New York, a Church for deaf-mutes. The ceremony was performed both by the spoken word and by the hand signs of the mute.

The home of Miss Chinery was beautifully decorated for the happy event. Ferns, cut flowers and palms were part of the attractive decorations. Pretty golden rod and snowballs, handsomely arranged, were features of the becoming decorative scheme.

The bride was charming in a dress of white poplin, trimmed with a heavy embroidery of white silk. The bridal veil of net, was decorated with orange blossoms. She wore orange blossoms, and carried a large bouquet of white roses and carnations.

Mr. Chinery gave his daughter away during the ceremony. The maid of honor was Miss Enna Klopfer, sister of the groom, of Holyoke. She wore a dress of pink poplin, and carried pink roses and carnations. The best man was Arnold Meier, of Stamford. The ushers were Bertram Francis, of South Norwalk, and Oscar Klopfer, of Holyoke.

After a very pleasant reception at the bride's home, the happy couple left on a honeymoon trip which will include Boston, Massachusetts, Maine and Vermont. Upon the conclusion of this trip, Mr. and Mrs. Klopfer will make their home at 22 Jackson Street, Holyoke, Mass.

A wide circle of friends extended sincere congratulations to the happy bridal couple. Miss Chinery, who is popular in this city has been employed in the Cluet and Peabody shop, on North Main Street, where she leaves many friends. Her husband is employed as a cabinet maker, in his home town, Holyoke. He is a member of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, and the Germania Society, of Holyoke.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Klopfer remembered them in a very substantial manner as regards wedding gifts. Silverware, cut-glass, an aluminum set, linen, china-ware, pictures, checks, etc., were included among the attractive array of gifts.

There were a number of friends and relatives from New Jersey, Bridgeport, Boston, New York and Philadelphia, as well as Norwalk and Holyoke in attendance.

Those present were:—Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Marshall and Miss Edith Marshall, of Portchester, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel Frank and daughter Raamah, Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Earnest, Mr. and Mrs. Schip, all of Jersey City; Mrs. R. J. Martling, of Greenwich, Ct.; and Mrs. Nauey E. Wittmeyer, of South Norwalk, Ct.; Mr. Arnold Meier, and Mrs. Ira Worcester, of Stamford, Ct.

Baltimore Methodist Deaf-Mute Mission.

Rev. D. E. Moylan, Pastor, 740 W. Fayette Street.

Rev. J. A. Brandlick, Assistant, 2704 Bernard Street.

Services at Christ M. E. Church for the Deaf, Pierce Street, corner of Schroeder Street, every Sunday at 3:30 P.M. Sunday School at 2:30 P.M. Week day meetings every Thursday evening at eight o'clock, except during July and August. Holy Communion first Sunday each month. Everybody welcome.

PITTSBURGH

The School at Edgewood Park opened on time, September 15th, with a pretty full attendance for the first week. It is often the case that stragglers keep coming in for three or four weeks after opening day, so it is gratifying to know they are making some improvement in that direction.

It is noted, however, that uneducated boys and girls approaching maturity are still coming to school. Whether these youths were deliberately kept at home by doting parents or through ignorance of the existence of schools for the deaf, it is evident that a compulsory school law affecting the deaf should be speedily provided; not only that, but truant officers compelled by law to report all cases of deaf children within their bailiwick.

September 15th, Miss Fanny B. Aiken and her hospitable mother tendered Mrs. Bertha Spahn McVea a farewell dinner. That it was a pleasant function goes without saying, and no doubt Mrs. McVea returned to the metropolis with many pleasant memories of her visit to Pittsburgh after twenty-five years absence. Mrs. J. M. Rolhouse, Mrs. J. W. Baker, Miss M. M. Toomey and Mrs. G. M. Teegarden were the other guests at the dinner. Many regret they did not get a chance to see more of Mrs. McVea before she returned home, September 18th, but they hope she may attend other reunions before they all get too old to enjoy such things.

The deaf still continue to get hurt by autos, but not from driving them. The latest in this vicinity was Miss Margaret Rewes, a pupil at the Edgewood school. Her mother, her sister and herself were injured more or less seriously, when their machine in which they were riding collided with another on the famous Grant Boulevard recently.

The Fiat corn roast, September 18th, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Forbes, was a success, in spite of the downpour that seemed to do its best to dampen proceedings. Judging by the attendance and the amount of corn and other good things stored away in the inner man, and the good fellowship manifest, Old Prob did not succeed in doing any damage to speak of.

Corn roasts and down-to-earth feasting are very popular right now. On Friday evening, the teachers and officers at the school had theirs. This is a regular annual affair with them, and from all reports they are always greatly enjoyed. The sage and sober become kiddies occasionally.

Mr. Ora Maust got a day or two off from his rushed office work at Uniontown, and came down to see his Pittsburgh friends last week, and incidentally compensate himself for missing the reunion, which he could not attend, owing to rush orders at his shop at the time.

Mr. F. R. Gray is taking another vacation. He is renewing acquaintance at the Bardes domicile to-day. Their annual convention usually takes place in the autumn when dinners and social spirits are at their best, and he gets both in abundance at the Bardesses.

Mr. Wm. Gibson, of New Brighton, was circulating among his Pittsburgh friends during the week end lately. The printer, where he has been employed the past three years, kept him busy the first of September, so he and several others down there failed to get up to the Alumni meeting. He is prospering.

G. M. T.

WEDDED SIXTY YEARS.

From the North Adams, Mass., Herald, of September 23d, the following is reprinted. Mr. Moorehouse is a graduate of the New York Institution of the Class of 1853.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar P. Moorehouse, of Spring Street, well-known and old residents of Williamstown, are today celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage and while a number of friends called during the day to extend their greetings to the worthy couple, no observance of the happy event is planned. Both Mr. and Mrs. Moorehouse are enjoying the best of health and have a very large circle of friends in town who extend to them their best and hearty wishes. They were married in Granville, N. Y., on September 18, 1855, and have lived here since 1868, residing in California and Springfield for 12 years. They have two sons and one daughter, Edgar P. Moorehouse, of Watertown, N. Y., Elmer E. Moorehouse, of Springfield, and Mrs. Joseph H. Walden, of Williamstown. Also seven grand-children and six great-grand-children.

Mrs. E. DesRoches (nee Annie Day), of Chicago, Ill., attended the Reunion of Graduates of the Buffalo Institution and Knights De l'Epee Convention, being the guest, during her stay, of Mrs. Briel. After the convention she went to Argola, N. Y., and was the guest, for one week, of Mr. and Mrs. James Daley. She afterwards visited relatives of her husband and deaf friends in Detroit, Mich., Bois Blanc and Windsor, Canada. She reports having had a glorious time.

FANWOOD

On Wednesday morning the command to appear on parade in full dress uniform was given for the purpose of remodeling the Cadet Battalion. Recent vacancies in the role of officers and line-up needed new appointments before regular drill could be commenced.

At eight o'clock Colonel Currier was saluted by the Major in command and the military promotions were quickly attended. One can distinctly recall a thrilling sensation of suspense in anticipation of advancement. All want to feel they are impressing you with that dignified soldier appearance. It helps sometimes when the merit is deserving.

The following were decided upon to act as officers for the forthcoming term:—

COLONEL
ENOCH HENRY CURRIER
MAJOR
WILLIAM H. VAN TASSELL
STAFF CAPTAIN
CHESTER C. ALTENDERFER
CADET CAPTAINS
WM. C. L. BURKE
JEAN PAUL GRUET
CADET ADJUTANT
ROY WINANS PARSONS
CADET LIEUTENANTS
SANDY J. GUINTA REUBEN POIS
AUGUST P. HERDTFELDER
CHIEF MUSICIAN
MICHAEL MEHLING
CADET COLOR SERGEANTS
MENDEL BERMAN SAMUEL SIEGEL
CADET PRINCIPAL MUSICIAN
JOHN E. STAFFORD
CADET DRUM MAJOR
MILTON HABERMAN
CADET FIRST SERGEANTS
MOSES SCHNAPP JOHN N. FUNK
MAX COHEN
CADET SERGEANTS
MICHAEL CAVOLINO A. WRIEDE
NESTOR ORMAN JAMES McVERNON
JOSEPH COLLINS
CADET CORPORALS
HARRY A. BARNES J. EBERHARDT
NATHAN SCHWARTZ C. GOLDEN
A. L. TABACHNICK J. LIVINGSTON
MOSES ROSENBERG ALFRED ALLEN
MORRIS FLEISCHER SAM JAMPOL
C. MOSCOWITZ SILVIO SALERNO
NOTE:—Cadet Lance Corporals are as yet undecided.

We see August Herdtfelder greatly pleased with his shoulder-straps and sword belt. As Lieutenant of Company C, we hope to see him distinguishing himself as a drill master.

Max Cohen holds one of the most important positions on the staff as First Sergeant of the same company. His popularity and efficiency well qualifies him for his work.

Milton Haberman as drum-major holds a rank of responsibility in the leading of the band. He is quite capable of succeeding, and must, or "get in line."

There will be many a comment on the attainments of John Stafford if he keeps increasing his sterling qualities as Principal Musician.

John Funk is among the leading officers of Company B.

Cadet Officers of the Fanwood battalion hold their rank only on merit.

The Protean Society held its opening meeting in the Society's private room Wednesday evening at 9 o'clock. The Principal as Counselor announced the plans for the term. It was followed by the annual election of officers. This year's roster was drawn up as follows: Counselor and Treasurer, E. H. Currier; President, J. P. Gruet; Vice-President, W. G. Lux; Secretary, W. J. Burke; Librarian, R. W. Parsons; Chairman, J. E. Stafford; Executive Committee, H. A. Barnes. The year's progress will be marked with many new improvements.

The first of the social gatherings arranged for the school year was held in the brilliantly illuminated study-halls Saturday evening. It was a most pleasing success in every respect; the committee, composed of teachers and advanced pupils furnished amusements that were both instructive and entertaining.

Promptly at 7:30 the Grand March, led by Cadet Captain William Burke and Miss Carrie E. Lanz opened the evening's program. Dancing a popular pastime of previous evenings was somewhat neglected by the greater majority. Timely topics proved of more interest especially as the boys and girls have not seen each other long. Everyone had a lot to say telling of those summer sojourns. Until after nine o'clock the merry hum of laughter and games were at their height. Taps sounding a little later proclaimed bed time, which did not seem at all welcome.

Miss Elizabeth Peet, only daughter of the late Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, was present enjoying the reunion of the pupils in the company of Principal Currier. Miss Peet, who is Assistant professor of Literature at Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., is well known in Fanwood circles.

The printing staff has been somewhat increased by the admittance of seven new printing apprentices last week. Under Editor Hodgson's guidance they have been learning the alphabet arrangement of the cases, the names and sizes of type and the requirements of the beginner.

Class promotion was held punctually the latter part of last week.

BEAU BRUMMELL.

Continued from First Page.

The consul rose and wrapped his dressing gown around his person, with face eloquent with outraged modesty.

"Madam," said the Man of Fashion, "you will be good enough to call to-morrow; I will consult my chancellor. For the present," he added, pointing to his bare legs, "you perceive—"

The consulate was abolished. Barely recovering from the shock, a stroke of paralysis laid him prostrate. Creditors pressed him hard, driving him at times to take refuge in the bed-room of his kind landlady. Hard to say how the battle might have ended had not kind friends in England once more come forward and paid his debts. This the time at which the Man of Fashion, writing to Miss Amable, his landlady's daughter, quoted Fitzpatrick's lines:

"Whatever they promised or professed
In short there's nothing I detect
So much as all my friends."

A few months more, and one day at the table d'hôte of the Hotel d'Angleterre, poor Brummell starts at feeling his soup trickle down his chin, not into his mouth. Napkin over his face, he rushes to his room, where his glass shows him his mouth drawn up on one side to his ear. A second paralytic stroke: many more dreary days in his room, debarré from waist, legitimist tea parties, the *Cours Caffearelli*. Lucky, even then, to find a physician willing to attend him with care from mere regard for what he had been.

No more now a Man of Fashion. Friends in England had raised him a life annuity of one hundred and twenty pounds (\$600), enough for a bachelor at Caen; but what could suffice for a man of his habits? Glad enough, now, to beg half-dozen shirts from the banker Armstrong. Pitiful, very pitiful, that letter of his to his old chum Alvanley, closing thus:

"My old friend King Allen promised, at least it was so represented to me, to send me some habiliments for my body, denuded like a new-born infant—'nd what a Beau I once was!'"

Another change in his life-drama. One morning a rough hand grasps his shoulder in bed and bids him rise. Roused, gendarmes and huissiers surround him; unless he can pay odd thousand odd hundred and odd francs odd centimes, to jail he must go. Small avail, then, to burst into tears, like a poor weak old man as he was; not even the favor of garbing himself leisurely in his faded clothes can be granted him. He must dress quickly and in public. Thence to a room in the common jail, with three malefactors for companions, and a truckle bed for furniture. Doors closed and bolted, the once Man of Fashion almost ceases to be a man at all in his agony.

A week afterward misery had galvanized life in some odd corner of his heart, and he wrote to thank a friend for his kindnesses offered to him in his affliction. In the postscript he says: "You will perceive the extremities to which I am reduced. I am about to seal to you *with a wafer!* Do not even whisper this indecorum, for I may again frequent the world."

A few francs obtained from a fellow-prisoner, he purchased a looking-glass; wrote fiercely to Armstrong for *Esprit de Savon*, and a "boot-jack that shuts up;" and ordered two quarts of milk per diem for his toilet. A hero to the last!

Once more his old friends clubbed together and sent to Caen the sum required to set him free. Eleven weeks from the time of his incarceration he made his reappearance at an evening party; the company surround him with compliments and good wishes. "Messieurs," said the Man of Fashion, looming up a trifle, "this is the happiest day of my life; for I have got out of prison, and have eaten salmon for dinner." One gentleman, who had been instrumental in releasing him from his troubles, he did not visit. Meeting him in the street, he apologized on the ground that "his visiting cards, which were always made in London, had not yet arrived." His indignant friend retorted: "No apologies, Mr. Brummell. Had you called, I could not have returned your visit; for my cards are made in China, and will not come to hand for some time." The King had subscribed literally to the fund. Some one, conversing with Brummell shortly afterward, asked him if he had been intimate with William, when Duke of Clarence and in the British navy: "I can not say I was," was the reply. The man about the quarter-deck, saying "Luff!" But he was so rough and uncivilized that I was obliged to cut him."

Poor Brummell, from cutting princes, had come to hobnobbing with Jew tailors, Norman gargottiers, Cockney snobs, for the sake of a glass of Champagne or St. Julien. A few, very few, stray relics of his heroship left—primrose gloves, patent blacking imported expressly from Paris at five francs the bottle, Eau de Cologne, oil for his wigs, Rheims biscuits. These vestiges it was Armstrong's business

to eradicate, as utterly irreconcilable with the income of the impoverished gentleman.

In the days of his glory, when men said oftener Brummell and the Prince than the Prince and Brummell, he had often declared that no one but a savage could wear a black neck tie. Weekly scrimmages with the washer-woman, to rescue his linen from her clutches without payment, had long ago reduced him to one white neckcloth a day. Now a lady who knew him well, noticing his haggard appearance one morning, observed that his looks would be improved by a black cravat. Next day, to the horror of Caen dandydom, Brummell appeared in the Rue St. Jean with a black silk handkerchief in room of his cherished cambric.

Patent vernis, too, he yielded, under threats of fresh imprisonment from "the scoundrel Mulet," an impudent varlet who expected to be paid for his merchandise. On other points he held but. When Armstrong sent him a cotton dressing gown, he tore open the window and threw it into the yard, declaring that he had not come to that. Eau de Cologne, oil for his wig, and Rheims biscuits for his lunch, he could neither buy nor do without; he begged them, first at one store then at another. Fancy the gaunt old man, ragged and threadbare, hobbling into a perfumer's and begging, for the love of old times, a small bottle of Jean Marie Farina! A Hero still!

The rest sickens. Not clothes only, but soul and mind were in rags. Memory gone, tact vanished, pride—last flicker of heroism—extinguished; morbid gluttony sole survivor of past characteristics. To think of the crazy farce in which the poor creature delighted—having his door opened and great people announced—Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Alvanley, Lord Sefton, and others he had known long ago, mostly now under the sod; while he, crouching over a miserable fire, to warm his shivering limbs, gabbled courtly phrase and worn-out compliment! His turn, now, to feel the measure the Man of Fashion had so often meted out. His paralytic jaws were incessantly in motion. Some brutal Frenchman, irritated by the noise, turned savagely on him: "Mr. Brummell, if you must chew incessantly, at least chew in time!"

Another brute sent him a printed caricature of himself, in his rags and his dirt, with the following lines beneath it:

"Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold,
My pins are weak, and I am growing old;
Around my shoulders this worn cloak I spread.
With an umbrella to protect my head,
Which once had wit enough to charm the world,
But now, possesses naught by wigs well curled.
Alas! alas! while rain and wind do beat,
That great Beau Brummell should thus walk the street!"

One single pleasing incident left. One cold winter morning arrived at the Hotel d'Angleterre a lady without luggage or servant. Landlord, skilled in judging men and women, pronounced her to be "de la haute volée;" showed her to a private room with extra civility. Briefly acknowledging his offices, the lady asked if she could see Mr. Brummell without being seen by him. "Nothing easier," was the reply; "he must pass your door on his way to the table d'hôte. I will meet him and engage him in conversation as he passes; from your room you can see him distinctly, without the slightest fear of detection. The plan was carried out. Brummell was detained a few moments; when the landlord rejoined the *inconnue*, she was in an agony of tears, and almost speechless. That evening she left precipitately for Paris. No one ever knew who she was, or what romantic tale she had in her heart when the spectacle of poor old Brummell stumbling down stairs harrowed it so cruelly.

They gave him a keeper—a "cursed old woman"—and forbade his going out. But infirmities came thick and heavy; his presence was loathsome. A happy day it was when Mr. Armstrong succeeded at last in procuring admission for him into the Hospital du Bon Sauveur. "A prison! a prison!" the poor crazy old creature muttered in his teeth, as the heavy gates opened and the fiacre drove up to the door. Pleasant—in so long a catalogue of sorrowful events—to find that at last, in the hands of the excellent Sisters of Charity, he recovered his spirits, and, in some measure, his reason. "I have," he said, "all I wish to eat, and a large fire. I never was so comfortable in all my life." 'Twas the bright flash of the dying lamp. On the 30th of March, 1840, he died without a groan.

Such the Hero as Man of Fashion. A mournful, grievous, instructive history. A fit theme for some idle Carlyle to expand into a chapter to be tacked to the end of a fresh Sartor Resartus.

Have we a Brummell among us? Walk up Broadway, from Tenth Street upward; up Fifth Avenue; go to the Opera on grand nights; scan dress and style; note the behavior of those thin-legged, mustached youths, who flutter round ladies, or stand apart in solemn groups, composed with feeble artistic skill; read the expression, or gauge the vacancy of those faces,

and say if any there could have invented starched neckcloths!—*H. Harper's Weekly, 1888.*

WEDDING.

Miss Cora B., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. General Jackson Prather, of Kelsa, Va., and William B., son of Mrs. Anna B. Young, of Lawn Avenue, Sellersville, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, at the home of the bride's parents, Wednesday, September 8th, at ten o'clock, by the Rev. James L. Doston of Pipersville, Ky., in the presence of many friends.

A sumptuous wedding dinner was served at eleven o'clock, after which the bride and groom left for Bluefield, W. Va. They also stopped at other places of interest and arrived in Sellersville on Friday evening, September 17th, where they make their home with the groom's mother.

Mrs. Young gave a large reception at her residence, on Saturday evening, in honor of her son and his bride, and a large number of friends from Sellersville, Philadelphia, and other towns were invited.

Mr. Young has been the efficient foreman of the *Herald* composing room for a number of years, and was also employed by the Item Publishing Company. Not only his fellow employees, but a large number of other friends in the town and community, will offer their sincere congratulations and best wishes for a long, happy and prosperous life.

The bride is a graduate of the Kentucky School for the Deaf at Danville, Ky., and the groom was formerly of the Mt. Airy School, Philadelphia, Pa.

They received many useful presents, bedding, table linen, towels, silver ware, cut glass, clock, two electric lamps, three rockers and chairs.

St. Andrew's Mission for the Deaf.
Trinity Church, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

Rev. G. H. Hefflon, Minister-in-charge
Messrs. E. W. Frisbee and A. S. Tufts, Layreaders.

OCTOBER, 1915.
3—Boston, 11 A.M.
Lynn, St. Stephen's, 3 P.M.
10—Boston, 11 A.M.
Salem, 2:15 P.M.
17—Boston, 11 A.M.
Haverhill, Trinity Church, 3 P.M.
23—Everett, Mass., New England Home for Deaf-Mutes, 3 P.M.
24—Boston, 11 A.M. Holy Communion.
Worcester, All Saints, Irving Street, corner of Pleasant Street, 8:15 P.M.
Providence, R. I., Grace Church, 3 P.M.
31—Boston, 11 A.M.
Milford, Mass., Trinity Church, 8:15 P.M.
Rev. G. H. Hefflon, of Hartford, Ct., will administer the blessed sacraments and conduct services at Boston, Providence, and Milford, the 24th, and 31st.
EDWIN W. FRISBEE, Lay-Missionary.
58 Sagamore Avenue,
West Medford, Mass.

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1. The Lorna Doone. Country of Devonshire, England. By Dr. E. M. Gallaudet. It is 1075 feet long and was made in Washington, D. C., in 1910.
2. Presentation Week at Gallaudet College, showing panorama of Gallaudet College, Presentation Day, and Class Day. Length 460 feet and was made in May, 1911.
3. Extracts from addresses by Mr. R. P. MacGregor, including: "The Irishman and the Flea" and "The Queen and the Cake." Length 200 feet and was made in Chicago in December, 1912.
4. Emperor Dom Pedro's visit to Gallaudet College. By Dr. Edward Allen Fay. Length 1,000 feet. Made in Washington, D. C., in June, 1913.
5. The Universal Brotherhood of Man and Fatherhood of God. A lay-sermon by Mr. R. P. MacGregor. Made in Washington, D. C., in July, 1913. Length 1,000 feet.
6. Memories of Old Hartford. By Dr. John B. Hotchkiss. Length about 1,100 feet and made in Washington, D. C., in July, 1913.
7. The Escape of Abbe Sicard. By Dr. James L. Smith. Length 415 feet. Made in Chicago in July, 1913.
8. The Preservation of the Sign Language. By George William Veditz. This was taken at the Cleveland Convention of the N. A. D., in August, 1913, and is about 1,000 feet long.
9. A Memorial Address at the tomb of Garfield. By Mr. Willis Hubbard. This film shows a good view of the tomb with several hundred delegates to the Cleveland Convention in the foreground. Length about 800 feet. Made in August, 1912.
10. The Death of Minnehaha. By Mrs. Mary Williamson Erd. Introduction by Mr. Jay C. Howard. Length 1,050 feet. This film was made during the Cleveland Convention. The photographing was done on the estate of Mr. John D. Rockefeller by special permission of Mr. Rockefeller.
11. A Plea for a Statue of De l'Epee in America. By Rev. Mr. Cloud and Father McCarthy. This film was also made in Cleveland during the N. A. D. convention. 400 feet long.
12. Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf, at Staunton, Va., in July, 1914. This film shows a group picture of the delegates, also thirty-three superintendents of State schools for the Deaf, taken in small groups. It is about 400 feet long and very interesting.
13. Signs and Signs. By Dr. J. S. Long. Length 400 feet. This film was made in Washington, D. C., in July, 1914.
14. The Lord's Prayer. By Rev. Mr. Flick. Length about 60 feet. Made in Chicago.

Other films are being planned. Suggestions, concerning whom to select as lecturers, and any suggestions pertaining to the management of the films, will be gladly received.

I shall be pleased to correspond with and give what help I can to persons desiring to use the films. Our films have been shown in different sections of the country and always with pleasure and profit to those who have seen them.

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